
THREE.

DRAMATIC PIECES
OF
METASTASIO.



THREE
DRAMATIC PIECES
OF
METASTASIO. *K*

THE DREAM OF SCIPIO.
THE BIRTH OF JUPITER.
ASTREA APPEASED.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL
BY FRANCIS OLIVARI,
Professor of Modern Languages.

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TABLE

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P R E F A C E.

SINCE Custom has established it as a kind of Tax on all Writers to prefix a Preface to every sort of Publication, I submit to the Law; and I hasten to pay the demanded Tribute. But what shall I say? Only a few Words. If the limited Knowledge I have acquired of the English Language, has enabled me to transfuse even a small Portion of the Spirit of METASTASIO into the Translation, I hope that the following Sheets will not be found wholly unworthy of the Public Notice.

P. R. E. T. A. C. E.

SINCE I have been a member of the
all I want to give a notice to every person
I believe to the Law, and I believe to pay the demands
I believe. But what the Law? Only a few words. It
the Law. I believe to the Law. I believe to the Law.
I believe to the Law. I believe to the Law.

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not of the Law. I believe to the Law. I believe to the Law.
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U

THE
DREAM of SCIPIO,

FROM THE
ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

THE



FROM THE

ITALIAN OF METASTASIO

THE DREAM OF SCIPIO.

*THE celebrated DREAM of PUBLIUS CORNELIUS
SCIPIO, the Destroyer of Carthage, so happily imagined
by CICERO to perpetuate his Memory, has furnished
METASTASIO with the Subject of the present Drama.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SCIPIO.

CONSTANCY.

FORTUNE.

PUBLIUS, Grandfather to SCIPIO, by adoption.

EMILIUS, Father of SCIPIO.

CHORUS of HEROES.

The Scene lies in Africa, in the Royal Palace of Massinissa.

THE
DREAM OF SCIPIO.

SCIPIO. (*Sleeping.*)

CONSTANCY, FORTUNE.

FORTUNE.

SON of Emilius rise, attend my steps.

CONSTANCY.

No,—follow mine.

SCIPIO.

THE DREAM

SCIPIO.

Who troubles my repose?

FORTUNE.

'Tis I.

CONSTANCY.

Obeys my call—well may I claim
Thy service.

FORTUNE.

Turn to me—behold my face.

CONSTANCY.

And trust thy future doom to me, or Fortune.

SCIPIO.

SCIPIO.

What dazzling light ! What harmony unknown !
What forms are these so luminous, so gay ?
And where am I ? and who are you ?

CONSTANCY.

I am

The nurse of heroes.

FORTUNE.

And I am the giver
Of all the riches, which the world contains.

CONSTANCY.

My name is Constancy.

FORTUNE.

THE DREAM

FORTUNE.

Fortune is mine.

SCIPIO.

What do you ask from me?

CONSTANCY.

That one of us

As thy companion in the path of life

Thou would'st select.

FORTUNE.

To work thy happiness.

We both are ready.

CONSTANCY.

And thou must resolve

Whether thou'lt trust to Fortune, or to me.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE.

Why do'st thou linger?

CONSTANCY.

Why art thou uncertain?

FORTUNE.

Occasion courts—and wilt thou spurn it from thee?

SCIPIO.

Resolve, ye Goddeffes! What shall I say?

CONSTANCY.

Does not my name attract a valiant Roman?

FORTUNE.

Yet, speak.

C

CONSTANCY.

CONSTANCY.

Resolve.

SCIPIO.

But how ? If I must speak,

And if resolve I must ; grant to my heart
To recollect its power. Say where am I ?
Led by what guide ? If what I see be true ?
If I yet wake, or if I dream and rave ?
My mind confus'd, amaz'd dares not resolve :
My soul uneasy and uncertain, still
Flutters delirious in my anxious breast.

CONSTANCY.

Thy claim is just. Ask then, and thou shalt learn
All thou could'st wish to know.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE.

Let thy demands
Be short. I cannot bear delay. Oft times
My place and form to change is my delight.
I am as fleet as wind : my face is various,
My steps uncertain—gloomy and dull this moment,
But the next sprightly and gay. Oft I'm pleas'd
To build again what I destroy'd; at times
I level with the ground those very fabrics
Which to erect at first cost me such toil.

SCIPIO.

But wherefore thus ! This is not sure the mansion
Of Massinissa, where I sunk to rest.

CONSTANCY.

Africk is far remote. In Heaven's vast temple
Thou art.

FORTUNE.

Dost thou not know by that full train
Of glitt'ring stars, which seem to dance around thee ?
By that harmonious sound of moving spheres ?
By that immense, bright orb, which urges them
To run thus circling ?

SCIPIO.

Say among the spheres
What pow'r attunes such sweet, harmonious sound ?

CONSTANCY.

That well-proportion'd inequality
Of speed and measure which between them reigns ;
In their rotation they together clash,
And from that clash each gives a proper sound
Distinct from others ; all these diff'rent sounds
Compose a perfect consonance of tones.

Thus

Thus various in a lyre the chords we see;
And yet the ear and hand so well extract
From them th' acute and grave, that when they're touch'd,
They give concordant melody. This strange
Stupendous link, that joins unequal notes,
This secret charming force, that makes agree
Tones quite dissimilar, we order call,
Proportion, law and universal cause.
This is the mystery that lies conceal'd
In the strange numbers of the Samian sage.

SCIPIO.

But wherefore does not such sweet consonance
Reach the low world? Why lost to mortal sense?

CONSTANCY.

'Tis more than mortal senses can sustain.
Whoever turns to the bright sun his eyes,
The sun he cannot see, confus'd, amaz'd

At

At that excess of light. And thus who live
Too near the falling Nile, hear not the noise
Of its hoarse sounding waves.

SCIPIO.

And who inhabits - - - -

FORTUNE.

Enough of questions. It is time to chuse.

SCIPIO.

Grant me a moment. Who inhabits here?

CONSTANCY.

Many th' inhabitants, and diff'rent parts
They here possess.

SCIPIO.

In this, where now we sit,

Who lives?

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE.

See who draws near, and thou shalt know.

PUBLIUS. *Chorus of Heroes.*

EMILIUS, SCIPIO, CONSTANCY, FORTUNE.

CHORUS.

Scipio ! descendant of a thousand heroes,
 Glory of Rome, great hero, come ! Thy name
 Full well is known in Heav'n. Here thou shalt find
 Thousand refulgent traces nobly stamp'd
 By thy forefathers.

SCIPIO.

Mighty pow'rs of Heav'n,
 And is it true, or can I be deceiv'd ?
 What ! Publius my great ancestor is here ?
 The conqueror of Africk !

PUBLIUS.

PUBLIUS.

Cease thy doubts,

I'm he.

SCIPIO.

I freeze with horror. Then the dead - - -

PUBLIUS.

Scipio, I am not dead.

SCIPIO.

But fure 'tis long

Since Rome amid her mournful torches wept

O'er thy dissolved frame.

PUBLIUS.

Ah speak not thus!

Couldst thou but know thyself—do'st thou believe

Those

Those hands, that face, those limbs compose a Scipio?

Ah 'tis not true! They're but a vest; That pure,

Immortal ray, that gives them life, that lives

Devoid of parts, and cannot be dissolv'd;

That wills, that understands, that thinks sublime,

That can remember and ne'er lose its pow'r;

That, that is Scipio, and immortal lives.

Ah too severe would be the fate of virtue,

If nothing could beyond the grave survive;

And if no other good we could expect,

But such as fools and wicked taste on earth!

No Scipio, think not the first, perfect cause

Of all created things can be unjust.

Yes, there are, after death, rewards decreed.

The bright eternal seats, that here thou see'st,

Are held by merit; and among them all,

Far more refulgent this, where lives with me

Whoe'er on earth has lov'd his native soil;

Whoe'er to public peace his better days

Has nobly sacrificed, and whoe'er
 For universal good has shed his blood.
 If thou art eager to live here with glory
 In future days, remember thy forefathers,
 Remember me. Whoever dies like us,
 Is living still; who lives for self alone,
 Deserves not to be born.

SCIPIO.

If heroes here

Live glorious. - - - -

FORTUNE.

Scipio if thy wishes now

Are not yet satisfied, I cannot suffer

Longer delay. Resolve - - - -

CONSTANCY.

CONSTANCY.

Leave to himself

The liberty of choice. All he is taught,
Makes him more wise, and fit to judge of us.

SCIPIO.

If here the heroes live, who serv'd their country,
Why then among these feats cannot I see
My val'rous father?

PUBLIUS.

Dost thou not behold him
Before thy face?

SCIPIO.

'Tis true, forgive me, father,
The fault proceeds from my bewilder'd senses,
Not from my mind, that ever sees thy form.

D 2

Ah

Ah yes : thou art my father ; now I find
In that grave brow and look the once rever'd
Paternal majesty ; and while I view thee,
I feel within my heart respect and love.
O ye propitious pow'rs ! O joyful day !
Beloved father ! How can'st thou remain
So tranquil, and receive me thus ? Thy face
Serene and undisturb'd appears. Ah then
Thy joy in meeting thus is less than mine !

EMILIUS.

Our joys in Heav'n, my son, are not like those
You feel on earth. Joy here is more intense,
But ne'er approaches a degree of pain.

SCIPIO.

I am distracted. All is new to me,
And fills me with amazement !

EMILIUS.

EMILIUS.

Thou art now

Exalted thus, and yet thou can'st not drive
From thy confus'd mind, the false ideas
That thou wou'dst want to frame. Cast down thy looks,
Behold below that little globe, that point
Wrap't up in clouds.

SCIPIO.

O God! Is that the earth?

EMILIUS.

It is.

SCIPIO.

But where are all her rivers, seas?
Her lofty mountains, and wide-waving woods,

Her

Her num'rous provinces, her various realms,
Her nations numberless ? Her Tiber ? Rome ?

EMILIUS.

All in that point.

SCIPIO.

O my beloved father !

How small that vain and worthless scene the world !

EMILIUS.

Could'st thou but know the actors on that scene,
Their follies, faults and dreams could'st thou but see,
And what the cause that agitates, disturbs,
Enamours, elevates, or sinks their minds !
How much more vile that scene would seem to thee !
Do you not laugh on earth when you behold
A silly infant weep ? while we above

Smile,

Smile, when you, full grown babes with hoary hair,
Act like your children?

SCIPIO.

Publius, father, grant
That here with you I ever may remain,
I'd fain abandon that unblest'd abode.

FORTUNE.

It can't be granted yet.

CONSTANCY.

Fate yet denies it.

PUBLIUS.

A long time yet thou art to live.

SCIPIO.

Enough,

Publius, I've liv'd.

EMILIUS.

EMILIUS.

But that sufficeth not
To ripen fate's deep plans, to serve thy country,
The world and Heav'n.

PUBLIUS.

Great things thou hast perform'd,
But greater, Scipio, thou must yet perform,
Nor is it vainly that thy brows are crown'd
With thy forefather's and thy father's wreaths.
'Tis not thro' chance thine early youth has toil'd
So gloriously in Spain ; nor yet thro' chance
Bear'ft thou that name to Africa so fatal ;
For conquering our great foe on me confer'd,
For Africk's ruin must be thine, O Scipio !
Go then, my son, but first prepare thy breast
T'enjoy thy triumphs, and to bear ill fortune.

In

In ev'ry state virtue's the fame. Sometimes
By adverse fate 'tis tofs'd, but yet not funk;
And when least happy, rises most sublime!
An oak that long has liv'd on lofty hills,
And brav'd the fury of tempestuous winds,
More strong, more firm becomes; if winter spoil
Its verdant honors, deep the sturdy root
Strikes to the centre, and acquires more strength,
While its gay drefs is lost.

SCIPIO.

Since it is vain

T'oppose the will of fate, I must obey

CONSTANCY.

This is the time of choice

E

FORTUNE

FORTUNE.

And now instructed,
Make thou thy choice of us:

SCIPIO.

Publius, I must
Of these two goddesses - - - -

PUBLIUS.

'Tis known to me,
Chuse at thy will.

SCIPIO.

Let thy advice, my father,
Direct my choice.

EMILIUS.

EMILIUS.

No, my advice from thee
Would wrest thy well-earn'd glory.

FORTUNE.

If thy wish
Be happy life, O Scipio ! now resolve ;
Seize now the time ; I offer thee my favor.

SCIPIO.

But say, importunate, from whence thy claims ?
Why would'st thou force me to pursue thy steps ?
Why should I thee before this other chuse ?

FORTUNE.

From thy attempts should I withdraw my favour,
What would'st thou do ? Do'st thou not know my pow'r ?
I rule supreme on earth. Behold the hand,

That spreads at will or joys or pains ; that gives
Riches or penury, disgrace or honor.
The Goddess I, that as I will, erect,
Destroy and renovate empires and realms.
As fancy points, the throne resplendent yields
To th' humble cot, the cottage to the throne
I change capricious ; sway'd by me, behold
The stormy whirlwind through th' aerial fields,
And the tumultuous waves. The fate of battles
I rule alone. Triumphs, if I befriend,
Spring up from losses ; but in wrathful mood,
I snatch the laurels from the victor's brow.
Prowess and virtue both confess my sway ;
Since, when I like, the coward is most strong,
The strong a coward ; and in justice' spite
What is most wrong is right, most right is wrong.
To those on whom I favorably gaze
The darkest night is clear, the ground gives flow'rs,
When all is numb'd with frost. But if on any

My

My looks severe I turn, he can no more
Find leaves in woods, nor waves in ocean deep.

SCIPIO.

And is there none who can oppose such pow'r ?

CONSTANCY.

Yes, Scipio, Constancy. I am that pow'r,
That one, who can her dread caprice withstand.
Where'er I am, she cannot reign. Her gifts
Lose their bright colour ; and her threats their horror.
Valour and virtue, it is true, sometimes
By her injurious hand are overthrown,
But, time, avenger of my slighted name,
Proclaims the glorious deeds. Kingdoms to me
Owe their existence too. To thy forefathers
'Tis known ; tis known to Rome. Brennus, tis true,
To the Tarpeian rock had once confined
The liberty of Rome. What was its fate ?

Then

Then was it seen to totter, not to fall.
'Tis true, near Aufidus the Roman bands
Were forc'd to yield ; what then ? The Consul, fearless,
Retiring wept his loss, nor yet despair'd.
See the victorious Hannibal ? Near Rome
He draws his troops. But what does it avail ?
For stopp'd, and foil'd, he learns at last to dread
The Roman arms. Thus glorious are my deeds,
Surpassing Fortune's might. She faints, she yields,
And in her own despite becomes my slave.
Struck by the waves oft in the deep we see
A lofty rock ; tottering at times it seems,
At times ingulf'd by the voracious sea :
But such assaults are impotent and vain,
The waves lie vanquish'd at it's haughty foot.

SCIPIO.

SCIPIO.

No more, fair Constancy. Oh lead me where
Thou wishest most. Neglecting all besides,
I follow thee.

FORTUNE.

And all my splendid gifts - - -

SCIPIO.

I do not seek, nor scorn.

FORTUNE.

And my revenge - - -

SCIPIO.

I nor deny, nor dread.

FORTUNE.

FORTUNE.

In vain, perhaps,
Thou may'st repent. Look on my face, once more
Reflect, and then resolve.

SCIPIO.

I have resolv'd.
Tell that thou art the pow'r that rules the world,
But ne'er presume to say, thou would'st command
A fearless soul, a nobly daring spirit,
Cowards alone, compell'd, adore thy laws,
And fools enamour'd, court thy flattering smiles.

FORTUNE.

Is there a man who dares withstand my call,
And can refuse my favours?

SCIPIO.

SCIPIO.

I am he.

FORTUNE.

Then thou shalt feel my utmost rage. Oh come,
Dreadful disasters, come ye horrid ills !
Ministers of my wrath, come and oppress
This vile presumptuous man !

SCIPIO.

Almighty pow'rs !

What do I see ? What sanguine light, what clouds,
What storms, what darkness, all around involve !
Oh what tremendous sounds assail my ears !
A thousand light'nings thro' the ærial vault
Are seen to play, a thousand bolts descend,
And threat to strike my head ! Heav'n, Heav'n itself

F

Seems

Seems overturn'd ! No, impious Fortune, no.
I do not fear ; thy threats are vain. In vain,
Perfidious goddesses — But who breaks my rest ?
With whom do I converse ? And where am I ?
Sure this is Massinissa's palace. Yet,
Publius, where is my father, where the stars ?
Where Heaven ? All, all are vanish'd ! All I saw,
Was but a dream. No, Constancy was not.
She still remains. I feel her mighty pow'r !
It fills my heart. Yes, ye propitious Gods !
I know your will, and I accept your wish.

3

THE
BIRTH of JUPITER.

THE BIRTH OF JUPITER.

ARGUMENT.

JUPITER according to the ancient fable, was born in Crete. Fate ordered that he should be educated under the care of the two Princesses, Melissa and Amalthea. From ill-understood portents, and from misrepresented oracles, which preceded the day of his birth, it was falsely concluded, that the Heavenly Powers were offended, and that an illustrious victim was necessary to appease their anger. Great was the mistake, but not without some advantage ; for the afflictions proceeding from it, rendered the joy of the unexpected happiness more lively and acceptable ; they were a trial for the generous Princesses, and justified the choice of Heaven.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AMALTHEA, }
MELISSA, } Princesses of Crete.

CASSANDER, Priest of Themis.

ADRASTUS, Chief of the Corybantes.

THEMIS, Goddess of Justice.

CHORUS of Priests and Corybantes.

The Scene lies in the Island of Crete, in the Temple of
Themis, and its environs.

THE
BIRTH OF JUPITER.

SCENE I.

A sacred wood near the Temple of Themis.

MELISSA, ADRASTUS.

MELISSA.

ADRASTUS is not come, none yet appears
Returning from the temple. O ye Gods!
What does this mean? Ah! deign t'unveil the sense
Of these innumerable strange portents.
Our fear at least is just.

ADRASTUS.

ADRASTUS.

Where is thy sister?

Meliffa.

MELISSA.

Pensive through the wood she strays.

ADRASTUS.

Quick, let us find her—let us fly - - - -

MELISSA.

Alas!

ADRASTUS.

We may perhaps meet some convenient ship
To leave this port. Wherever changeful fate
May lead you, be assur'd, you still shall find
A true protector and a friend in me.

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

(I tremble.) Is the sacrifice performed?

ADRASTUS.

Ah no! enrag'd and bellowing from the Priests
Th' appointed victim, but half-slain, escap'd,
And Themis' statue by a sudden cloud
Was quite envelop'd.

MELISSA.

But has Heaven disclos'd
Its solemn will?

ADRASTUS.

Yes, clearly, Heaven scorning
All vulgar victims, wills that one of you
Be slain!

G

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

But how !

ADRASTUS.

O Heav'n, quick, let us fly.

Should the Priest come, what could I do to save

Thy precious life ?

MELISSA.

Stay, and explain to me

The Oracle's true sense.

ADRASTUS.

(Alas !) 'Tis this.

“ It is in vain that you pretend to slay

“ These vulgar victims to the almighty powers

“ To save the land of Crete. Fate has decreed

“ So great an honor to the Royal blood.”

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

And does not Heav'n decide? And does it not

Chuse one of us?

ADRASTUS.

No.

MELISSA.

Is then one enough

To change the fate of Crete?

ADRASTUS.

Princess no more :

This is no time for vain delay.

MELISSA.

'Tis true. (*about to go.*)

G 2

ADRASTUS.

ADRASTUS.

What would'st thou do? dost thou not know, Melissa,
The dang'rous way thou goest? Ah no! forbear;
This way leads to the port.

MELISSA.

This to the temple.

ADRASTUS.

And what dost thou intend?

MELISSA.

Resign'd t' obey

The will of Heav'n; to die, and by my death
To save oppress'd Crete, to save you all.
Immortalize my fame!

ADRASTUS.

ADRASTUS.

O righteous Gods!

What can excite thee to this sad resolve?

MELISSA.

Glory and pity.

ADRASTUS.

Think. - - -

MELISSA.

To think 's a crime—

T' oppose the will of Heav'n! I think our subjects

Should look on us with awe; and it is our's

To set examples of untarnish'd virtue.

The public *good* is the most worthy care

Of royal minds; and he must ever live,

Who

Who with his death preserves the realm entire.

These ever were, and these are still my thoughts.

(about to go.)

ADRASTUS.

Ah no! forgive me; I cannot bear - - -

MELISSA.

Adrastus,

Thou know'st my will. Remember who thou art,

And who I am.

ADRASTUS.

O Heav'n! dost thou not know,

That thy great father, when departing hence

Gave to my care thy infant years. And what

On his return must be my dread account?

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Tell him my blood was for my country spil'd
Tell him intrepidly I met my death,
Tell him I'm happy, if I but obtain,
That without shame he may remember me.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

ADRASTUS, CASSANDER.

ADRASTUS.

Wonder and pity fo opprefs my heart. - - -

CASSANDER.

Perhaps thou know'ft, Adraftus, where to find
Meliffa and Amalthea. I feek and fear
To meet them.

ADRASTUS.

Ah! this infant to the temple
Meliffa turn'd her fteps.

CASSANDER.

Does fhe not know - - -

ADRASTUS.

ADRASTUS.

She knows the whole, fears nought, tranquil and fearless
She fain would give her life to save her country.

CASSANDER.

O great, O gen'rous Princess, truly great!
But what of Amalthea?

ADRASTUS.

She knows not yet
The cruel fate of her beloved sister.

CASSANDER.

What will she say, when she the tidings hears
Of her more lov'd than life, absent from whom,
Existence is a burthen?

H

ALRASTUS.

THE BIRTH

ADRASTUS.

See, she comes.

CASSANDER.

Farewell, I cannot bear to meet her now, (*about to go.*)

SCENE

SCENE III.

AMALTHEA, CASSANDER, ADRASTUS.

AMALTHEA *to* CASSANDER.

Whither goest thou? Why fliest thou my approach?

Why all avoid me thus? What has befallen?

Has the offended Goddess spoken? Has she

Disclosed her will? What does she say?

CASSANDER.

Adraustus

Knows it.

ADRASTUS.

Speak then Cassander.

AMALTHEA.

O ye Gods!

What fatal secret dost thou hide from me? (*to Cassander*)

Why doth thy colour change so often? Speak;

Give me an answer - -

ADRASTUS.

Why - - - know then that Heav'n - -

I fain would speak - - - O Gods! ah be not griev'd;

Thou know'st; hast thou not heard it? I can't find

Sufficient words, I cannot speak. I would

Declare my mind; but how? I feel my heart

Chill'd in my tortur'd breast.

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

AMALTHEA, ADRASTUS.

AMALTHEA.

Wherefore, Adrastus,

Those interrupted sighs, and that pale face,
And those confus'd, half-utter'd words? Alas!
My blood runs cold! O 'tis a cruel mercy
To veil one sorrow from me, that my fear
May paint a thousand! Speak, enough I've suffer'd.
Silence distracts me.

ADRASTUS.

(O almighty pow'rs!)

Offended Heav'n demands, that human victims - - -
That blood illustrious flow - - - -

AMALTHEA.

THE BIRTH

AMALTHEA.

What ! Is it mine ?

ADRASTUS.

Thy life is safe. The generous Meliffa
Has now resolv'd the doubt.

AMALTHEA.

What say'st ? Alas !

Will she then die ?

ADRASTUS.

Yes : she devotes herself
To save thy life.

AMALTHEA.

How can she then expect
To save me thus ? Hopes she I can survive ?

Ah !

Ah ! she but little knows how much I love her !
To live with her was the first wish, that e'er
This heart had form'd ; and my first utter'd word
Was her beloved name. Since the blest moment
I first began to know I breathed, I lov'd her,
And ever have I held the blessing equal
To live and love. Till now with her I shar'd
My thoughts, my sorrows and my joys ; and now
Would she pretend to quit me ? 'Tis in vain.

(About to go.)

ADRASTUS.

Yet hear me, Princess, whither ?

AMALTHEA.

To the temple

To sacrifice my life.

ADRASTUS.

It is too late.

Melissa occupies that sacred place.

AMALTHEA.

AMALTHEA.

Perhaps to my requests she'll yield the place.

Her gen'rous heart has ne'er denied me aught.

ADRASTUS.

Stay, Amalthea, do not now renew

The pain of leaving thee to thy Meliffa.

But if her head the sacred fillets bind,

If she before the image of the goddess

Have utter'd her last words, what would'st thou do?

AMALTHEA.

Die with her. Still by fate my years with her's

Were twin'd. Till now I liv'd with her, with her

I fain would die. Alas ! if she deserts me,

My tears would nought avail, I could not live.

S C E N E

SCENE V.

ADRASTUS, *alone.*

To so much virtue can the heav'nly pow'rs
Insensible remain? No; they will not.
Whoe'er indulges such unworthy thoughts,
Offends immortal justice. Be the threats
Of fate unlimited, I'll not despair.
Although in clouds the sun be quite involv'd,
Though stain'd around with sanguine light, yet still
My soul shall ever hope. Not ev'ry storm
Produces shipwrecks on the bellowing deep;
Nor does each thund'ring peal, or dazz'ling flash,
Always proclaim the bolt's destructive fall.

S C E N E VI.

The TEMPLE of THEMIS.

On one side Fire kindled on the Altar.

*Ministers of the Temple holding the instruments necessary
for the sacrifice.*

MELISSA, CASSANDER.

CASSANDER.

Magnanimous Melissa, Heroine,
Best honour of the throne, thy country's prop,
Victress o'er ev'ry female softness! now,
Now gather all thy virtues round thy heart.
Thou must - - - -

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

In vain thou stimulat'st my heart
To fortitude and constancy ; fear not.
The bands and garlands to my head adapt ;
See thou perform'st thy sacred ministry
With firm, unshaken hand, and leave to me
My duty's care.

CASSANDER.

Now then, illustrious Princess,
Fulfil the sacred rite, and to the goddess
Devôte thyself.

MELISSA.

O righteous Deity !
I die ; oh ! may this death preserve my country,
Preserve my father ! Righteous Deity - - -

S C E N E VII.

AMALTHEA, ADRASTUS, CASSANDER, MELISSA.

AMALTHEA.

Stay, Ministers; suspend the sacrifice,

MELISSA.

(Alas !)

AMALTHEA.

And let my head be crown'd with flow'rs.

I am the victim doom'd, and not Melissa.

MELISSA.

(Ah ! succour me, Cassander, I might shrink,

Should she remain,)

CASSANDER,

CASSANDER.

Princess, it is too late.
She offer'd herself first ; and 'tis forbidden
To change the victim.

AMALTHEA.

How ! Forbidden ! yet
It will not be—to die with her.

CASSANDER.

By fate
Princess it is denied that in one day
Two royal victims should be slain. Retire.

AMALTHEA.

And is it right that I should be denied
To meet my death ? Ah my beloved sister

Yield

Yield me thy place ! I ask it as a proof
Of thy affection.

MELISSA.

(Amalthea !)

AMALTHEA.

O Gods !

Why art thou silent ?

MELISSA.

Go Amalthea, go.

AMALTHEA.

Dost thou fay go ? And when did I deserve
Thy hate ? 'Thou dost avert thy face, nor wilt
A fingle glance bestow.

CASSANDER.

CASSANDER.

O Amalthea!

For tender partings this is not the time ;
Go then, disturb her not. Fix'd destiny
T'oppose is vain.

AMALTHEA.

Oh if thou hast for me - - - -

MELISSA.

In pity leave me.

AMALTHEA.

My belov'd Melissa,

At least bid me farewell, at least look on me,
Till now I never thought thou could'st be cruel.

MELISSA.

MELISSA.

Should I but look on her my tears must flow.

AMALTHEA.

Wilt thou for ever quit me ? And moves not
My grief thy heart ? Ah can'st thou then deny me
A sad adieu ! Ah 'tis indeed most cruel !
If we indeed must part, yet say : I leave thee
With sighs heart-rending. Ah dost thou not know
That fortitude and pity ne'er were foes ?

MELISSA.

Hear me. (I can no more resist her tears.)
And know'st thou not, thou art the dearest part
Of my afflicted soul ? And know'st thou not,
That my affections are all due to Heav'n ?
That if I gaze on thee, then Heav'n is robb'd ?

It

It should have been enough for thee to view
The tort'ring pain silence has cost my heart ;
And not to force me thus to yielding weakness.
And still thou would'st - - - I weep, be satisfied.
Ah do not thus delay the sacrifice !
Go. For my native foil I die. Live thou,
And be thy days many and blest'd.

AMALTHEA.

Oh Heav'n !

MELISSA.

Embrace me and retire.

ADRASTUS.

Silence - - -

MELISSA.

What then ?

K

CASSANDER.

THE BIRTH

CASSANDER

O Gods ! The sky's in flames.

ADRASTUS.

The Temple shakes,
And down from Heav'n a radiant cloud descends !
What does this mean ?

MELISSA.

Our fate perhaps is chang'd,

ADRASTUS.

Yes, Gods ! be favourable to my hopes.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

*A cloud descends, which, when near the statue of the
Goddeſs, opens by degrees and diſcovers the
Goddeſs Themis.*

THEMIS, MELISSA, AMALTHEA, CASSANDER, ADRASTUS.

THEMIS.

Baniſh your grief illuſtrious heroines !
Sufficiently your virtue has been prov'd.
Dark was fate's ſenſe till now : its mysteries
I now diſcloſe. Crete will to-day with Heav'n,
For glory ſtrive. To-day the God of Gods,
Scorning the ſtars, will honour with his birth
This ſoil. With you is Jupiter ; and know,

K 2

Highly

Highly distinguish'd sisters ! you have been
Selected for his nurses ; and the Gods
Dare not contend with you ; so much respect
They pay to virtue. To Mount Ida straight
Direct your steps, and on those awful steeps,
Where a bold eagle shall arrest his flight,
Is Jupiter reclin'd. Go, and let Crete,
And all the world at this most happy day
Be fill'd with joy ! Yes ; great illustrious souls
So dear to Heav'n ! 'Tis time to sooth your mind,
Now ev'ry joy be your's, enough you've suffer'd.

S C E N E

SCENE IX.

MELISSA, AMALTHEA, CASSANDER, ADRASTUS, PRIESTS.

ADRASTUS.

O Crete !

AMALTHEA.

O blessed day !

ADRASTUS.

O happy we !

AMALTHEA.

Fate's will, Cassander, you explain'd amiss.

CASSANDER.

CASSANDER.

True. Yet my fault may be the work of Heav'n.
Your virtue by that very fault was tried.

AMALTHEA.

Come to these arms O sister best belov'd.
Now thy embraces are most dear to me.
But in the gen'ral joy can't thou be sad?
All are exulting, whil't thou seem'st confus'd.
Why look on me, and thus in silence weep?

MELISSA.

Great passions oft are eloquent in silence.
My agitation choaks joy's utterance.
And 'mid the sweet emotions of my heart
A thousand feelings seize my breast at once!
From joy and hope, and reverence and love - - -

ADRASTUS.

ADRASTUS.

And who could e'er have thought, that happiness
From so much threaten'd misery could spring.

CASSANDER.

That to this day and to this soil was giv'n
So noble, so sublime an honour?

AMALTHEA.

Ah!

Let not our joy within this temple's walls
Be thus confin'd. My heart's effusions still
Affail me with full force. My inward joy
I would describe to all; and fain I would
That ev'ry clime unknown to this could feel
Its share of my unutterable joy!
I can't express the tumult sweet, confus'd,

That

That reigns among my thoughts. My mind is fill'd
With thousand fair ideas ; and my foul
Forms thousand vows and auguries and hopes ?
The much I have to say benumbs my speech.
Meliffa, let us go to Jupiter.
To him our very silence speaks enough.
He knows this is for us an happy day !
Our thoughts he knows, our inmost heart can read.

CHORUS.

When this blest'd day's fair dawn shall come again,
The world will be in joy, and still remember,
That to this day it owes its happiness.

ASTREA APPEASED.



ASTREA APPEASED.

THE following Lines from OVID,

- - - - - “ *Et Virgo cæde madentes*

Ultima Cælestium terras Astrea reliquit.”

*gave Metastasio the Idea of the present Drama, which
was performed to celebrate the Birth Day of the Empress
Elizabeth of Austria.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER.

ASTREA.

APOLLO.

CLEMENCY.

RIGOR.

CHORUS of VIRTUES with ASTREA.

CHORUS of DEITIES with APOLLO.

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The Scene lies in the Residence of JUPITER.

ASTREA APPEASED.

ASTREA.

VENGEANCE! O king of Gods!

APOLLO.

No, Jupiter:

I ask thy pity.

ASTREA.

Man, ungrateful man,

Each day grown worse, has impiously dared,

At length to banish me.

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

Unconscious, lost

Man wanders, is unhappy, but not guilty.

ASTREA.

Could I the guardian Pow'r of Justice, I
The model of all virtues, tamely bear
That the now-living race more bold and impious
Than their forefathers, should give birth to sons
Still worse; and that my sacred laws by all
Should be infring'd, neglected and o'erthrown?

APOLLO.

How could I, Nature's favour'd minister,
I that with care incessant strive to bless
Mankind; how could I leave the unhappy race
In so great danger, and without defence?

ASTREA.

ASTREA.

Remember, Father, I am wrong'd by Man.

APOLLO.

Father, remember, I am his defender.

ASTREA.

Vengeance I ask.

APOLLO.

And I entreat thy pardon.

ASTREA *with Chorus of Virtues.*

Punish, Almighty Jupiter, the pride,

Punish the errors of ungrateful man,

Who with remorseless rage assails thy throne.

APOLLO.

APOLLO, *with Chorus of Deities.*

Pardon Almighty Jupiter the faults,
Pardon the follies of unhappy man,
Who groans oppress'd beneath innum'rous woes.

ASTREA, *with Chorus of Virtues.*

Jove seems not great if idle are his bolts.

APOLLO, *with Chorus of Deities.*

Greatest is Jupiter, when he forgives.

JUPITER.

Important is the cause that moves so far
Apollo's pity, and Astrea's ire.
I will resolve; but first let Clemency
And Rigor plead. These are the massy pillars,
That prop my radiant throne, and without them

No

No blessing can descend to Earth from Heav'n,
No thunder roll, nor awful bolt be hurl'd.

RIGOR.

Be the perverse destroy'd, for licens'd vice
Grows worse, let flames avenging burn the Earth.

CLEMENCY.

Ah no ! To pity Jupiter is bent.
Correct, O Father, the perverted race,
And give them happiness. If my advice,
As it is wont, can move this day thy pity,
We 'll find the means to execute thy will.

RIGOR.

What are those means ? Correction ?—'Tis in vain.
The Giants thunder smote, the awful flood
Of Pyrrha's age, full well evince that man,
In spite of punishment, will ne'er reform.

M

And

ASTREA.

And couldst thou hope that fond beneficence
Would make them happy ? No : the greatest bliss
They would contaminate, and wrongly turn
Against themselves.

JUPITER.

Thy counsel, Clemency,
I will accept, Each of you then propose
What means best suit to execute this work.
There's always time to punish ; to avenge
Shall be the last expedient of redress.
The volying thunder's wrath is often pour'd
From this tremendous hand ; but yet sometimes,
Though outrag'd I lay down my forky bolts.
Rigor speaks not in vain ; but Clemency
Pleases me more, whose pity oft suspends
Rigor's severity.

APOLLO

APOLLO.

Great Jove's decree

Becomes his Majesty august, divine.

Fair emulation well becomes all Gods.

On the intended plan I enter first

With frank obedience—Father, yes—thy hand

Beneficent bestow'd on men whate'er

Could make them happy : honor, riches, strength,

Talents and beauty, wisdom, courage, fame,

And all the blessings human mind can wish.

Astrea (let it not thine anger move)

They are not justly shar'd, for she that ought

With equal balance to distribute them,

That task resigns to Fortune, who bestows

With partial hand thy gifts. Say : who can live

Content with inequality like this.

If each man sees others abound in what

He wants the most. The strong athletic man

Envies the talents of the weak, the weak
His strength and courage. The poor looks malign
On the large treasures of the opulent,
The opulent on the long-lasting fame,
And knowledge of the poor. Hence common hate,
Hence open enmities and secret treasons,
And all the train of ills, whereby mankind
At once are render'd culpable and wretched.
Let distribution's task from Fortune's hand
Be snatch'd away, be it Astrea's care
To share impartially the gifts of Jove.
The source of crimes will then be drain'd. Each man
In peace will then enjoy thy mighty favors,
And all the race be render'd just and happy.
Fortune enough has rul'd and wrong'd the world.
For her was Peace dethron'd. For her their steps
From the right path incautious men withdrew,
And Innocence for her, and Love and Faith
Have left the Earth,

ASTREA

ASTREA.

Useless to men, Apollo,

Nay fatal thy advice. That partial favor,
That providential inequality,
From which 'tis thought men's hatred and contention
Spring forth perpetual, is the strongest link
Which joins them all in one harmonious chain.
Suppose it loose, then sure no man would care
For other men. 'Tis inequality,
That generates their mutual wants, and these
Their mutual love. The strong man needs the wife,
His proper guide. The wife demands the strong,
Protection to ensure, and both require
Others to nourish them. Hence the desire
Of social union, and hence Faith and Peace,
Hence Honesty and Friendship; hence arise
All virtues proper to keep men conjoined,

Such

Such that machine, whereby ingenious man
Computes thy steps, Parent of light. It has
An hundred various and unequal parts,
Whose shape and office are distinctly different :
This gives the motion, and that keeps it back.
One measures it, another points its course ;
And all to all in fair proportion join'd,
With task unequal, each the other aids.

APOLLO.

But in disparity so palpable,
So useful to all men, if one there is,
Whom cruel fates prohibit to enjoy
What is bestow'd on others with profusion,
Has he no right to claim as much from Fate ?
And is he not unhappy ?

ASTREA

ASTREA

No: he is not

Unhappy more than others. For if less
His stores of knowledge, in proportion less
Are his sollicitudes. If less his strength,
His caution more abounds. Possessing less,
Less are his wants and wishes. Good and Ill
On equal balance stand, and so are kept
By hope and fear. The wretch adores the hope,
That lures his mind; and while he waits for bliss,
His pains grow less. The prosp'rous ever lives
With fears tormented, that corrupt and tinge
With mortal venom all his happiness.

JUPITER.

Ye Gods, we must devise another plan.
Too much averse would be to gen'ral laws

Of

Of order that propos'd equality.
The jaring elements observe discordant,
Various in their rotations are the spheres,
And yet from those diversities arise,
That harmony and that eternal law,
Which form and keep the balance of the World.

CLEMENCY.

If thou wilt drain, O Jupiter, the first,
Malignant spring of ev'ry ill, withdraw
Self-love from men. This is their folly's source ;
The source of all unhappiness and guilt,
Of folly, as blinded thus, they cannot see
The road to truth ; and of unhappiness,
Since urged by it, their claims exceed their merits ;
Of guilt the source, as all thou giv'st to others,
By it is represented as usurped.
Thus one delirious roves and does not view
In his own home what he condemns elsewhere.

He

He loves himself without a rival, He
Still partial to himself, tho' void of worth,
All else contemns. Hence others querulous
Thinking that all thy gifts to them are due,
Condemn the World and Nature, as unjust
In portioning their gifts. Hence 'tis that some
Foully malign the fame of other men ;
Some meditate deceits ; some make ill use
Of their superior power ; and if they think it
Useful to their designs, they would remorseless
On others ruin build their mighty fabricks.
'This is that deadly root, O Jupiter,
From which all evils spring, and this thou must
Wholly destroy ; else vainly thou'lt complain
That in this Earth, vice still encreasing thrives.
This is the blind fallacious guide of men
Which leads them to a certain wreck, and makes
Their life delirious ; this disturbs their calm,

This all their thoughts confounds, and to sum all,
From the most wise the clearest truth conceals.

JUPITER.

The love which thus thou blam'st, when led by reason,
Is the prime source of every high desire.
Whoe'er loves not himself, can ne'er love others,
From self love springs the love for other men.
That restless fondness which self love inspires,
To our own breast is not confin'd ; but still
It propagates, encreases and transmits
Its influence to our children, friends and country ;
Until so wide its branches it extends,
That all the human race at length it shades.
Thus in a placid lake sometimes we see
The falling of a stone ; entering it forms
A circle round itself, and from that circle
Another flows, and others thence, and still
The larger is the last ; the watery motion

Is widen'd more and more; it still withdraws
From that first central point where it began,
'Till all the surface moves in circling waves.
That love which rules an elevated soul,
From self-love springs, and to self-love returns.
The warrior who gives up his life to save
His native foil, for love of glory fights,
To gain the prize of valor. So the son,
Who loves his father, loves th' imparted good
He from his Sire derives, and in the son
The father loves himself.

RIGOR.

If thou wilt not,
O Jupiter, destroy the human race,
Destroy at least their passions. Yes, destroy
Their furious anger, and their foolish pride,
Their pois'nous hate, their love, their wishes wild,
And thousand other all ill-born affections,

Whereby mankind's unhappy and perverse.
Those are the stormy winds that agitate
The sea of human life ; these are the impious,
These the seditious troops, from whom disorders,
From whom all tumults rise, 'gainst them no port,
No sure asylum lies, all is profan'd
By their iniquity ; Astrea's throne,
Minerva's schools, the fields of Mars, your temples.
They arm the hands of furious parricides
With mortal steel. They teach men to express
The pois'nous juice from plants, and offer death.
Seiz'd by these furies men are ever seen
Intent to climb on one another's ruin,
Ne'er live in peace sincere ; nor is this all—
That impious race not only urge mankind
'Gainst one another, but they oft contend
For absolute command o'er ev'ry soul,
Which cruelly they seek to rend asunder ;
So that through them whoe'er is born on earth

With

With others and himself is still at war.
Who could 'midst howling storms and furious winds
Find peace and calm ? the man that cannot meet
Within himself true calmness, and in vain
Asks it from others ; say where can he find it ?

APOLLO.

And what is man, if passions be destroyed !
Man is no more. With senseless plants confus'd,
Unknown he vegetates. Passions I own
Are restless, sudden winds, which always toss
The toiling sea of life, but without winds
No ship can move or sail. Rebellious troops
Surely men's passions are ; but without troops
No battle e'er was fought. By winds the ship
Is safely brought to port or wreck'd. By troops
Trophies are lost or won. Skilful and wise
We call the pilot and the General,
Who turn to most advantage winds and troops

Fury

Fury itself which when let loose is noxious,
If rul'd by reason, may be good and useful.
Avarice, a providential care may be ;
Pride be decorum, meanness modesty,
Anger be zeal, and impious envy's self
Fair emulation proves. Passions are born
To serve directing reason. And as long
As they are vassals, none can blame their deeds.
Who lets them reign, makes them his cruel foes.
The stream that flows between its steady banks,
Faithful supplies the wants of flocks and herds,
And to the wand'ring swain gives new delight ;
But if that stream shall lift its angry waves
Above its banks, licentious it o'erflows
The neighb'ring fields, and rages and o'erpow'rs
The careless husbandman, his flocks and herds.

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RIGOR.

Then Jupiter, there is no way to make

Men

Men just and happy. No. By punishment
They're render'd mean, audacious by forgiveness.
Alone they cannot live, nor when united
Are they content in peace. Abundance teems
With dangers to that race, and want becomes
Oppression. They by ignorance grow dull,
By knowledge vain. Equal to senseless plants
Devoid of passions, and resembling beasts,
When by those passions rul'd. Each cure applied
To opposite excess impels their folly.
Destroy, O King of Gods ! this compound vile
Of qualities repugnant. Thankless man
Too far abuses thy paternal goodness ;
Now let thy care pursue a worthier scope,
And be the judge severe to those who scorn
Thy pitying hand ; and let thy thunderbolts
Annihilate the impious ; or expect
Man will condemn thy thunder as vain sound.

ASTREA.

ASTREA.

Rigor's advice vouchsafe to hear, O Jove.

APOLLO.

No, Father, give thine ear to Clemency.

ASTREA.

Let not, O Jove, my wrongs be unaveng'd !

APOLLO.

Let not my cares, my vows, my hopes be vain.

ASTREA, *with Chorus of Virtues.*

Punish, Almighty Jupiter, the pride,

Punish the errors of ungrateful man,

Who with remorseless rage assails thy throne,

APOLLO.

APOLLO, *with Chorus of Deities.*

Pardon, Almighty Jupiter, the faults,
Pardon the follies of unhappy man,
Who groans oppress'd beneath unnumber'd woes.

JUPITER.

Impossible, 'tis true, it seems, O Gods !
To mend men's errors, and content their minds ;
And yet it is not so. The mighty discords
So numerous, so various, so excessive,
Virtue alone can recompose in peace.
She knows that Fortune is not blind, nor senseless,
But hand-maid of a greater God ; and still
She strives to teach men how to bear with ease
Their inequalities, which are but laws,
Whereby the world is rul'd. 'Tis she that spreads
That self-love which by nature is on all
Impartially bestow'd, and which so wide

O

Extends

Extends, it reaches the stupendous whole,
 Whereof each man is part; and she it is,
 Who makes fierce passions ministers of good,
 Subject to reason.

RIGOR.

Virtue will have, if harsh,
 Few followers. Misguided mortals e'er
 Run headlong after pleasure's flattering steps.

CLEMENCY.

Is Virtue then an enemy to pleasure?
 No; without Virtue who can ever find
 A solid, real joy, a joy so calm,
 That ruffles not the quiet of the soul;
 A joy so pure that brings not keen remorse;
 A joy so true that gives what it has promised,
 And ne'er betrays? what are all other joys,
 But woes disguis'd? and he that yields, and trusts

Their

Their outside false, runs after pleasure's tracks,
 And clasps but misery. So the fond infant aims
 And catches at the flame which tremulous glows
 From the bright-beaming taper—There he thinks
 To find all kind of joy; but when he once
 Attempts to grasp the fair deceitful light,
 In vain he quickly the rash hand withdraws,
 For when withdrawn, it brings along his pain.

ASTREA.

Virtue alone can mend the faults of men,
 She is the only source of real joy:
 But what! none could, should she descend on Earth,
 None could discern her face again.

CLEMENCY.

With whom

Could she be e'er confounded?

ASTREA.

With the Vices

Her fierce antagonists.

APOLLO.

Thy doubts, Astrea,

Surpass belief.

ASTREA.

Hear then if I be wrong.

The Virtues when compell'd to fly from earth,

And come again to dwell with me in Heaven,

Left on the Globe below their robes behind,

Then was the time when Vices eager seiz'd

The garments of the Virtues. Thus enwrapt,

Their faces and their manners they disguised.

E'er since that day pernicious Fraud began

Of sacred Friendship to assume the mask,

'Tis

'Tis since that day that keen malignant Envy
Drove Pity from her seat, and seemingly
Lamenting o'er men's fate, accus'd their deeds ;
'Tis since that day that Prudence was call'd Fear,
That Vengeance seem'd the glowing zeal of Honor,
That Rashness could obtain the praise of Courage,
And that true Valor Cruelty became.
Can you O righteous Gods, can you still hope
To find the diff'rence between Vice and Virtue,
If common is their drefs, common their name ?
The rock that lies conceal'd in tranquil seas,
And the cold serpent in a flow'ry field
Deceive fallacious the unwary eyes.
So those who live in thoughtless rest, nor fear
Impending danger, ill defend themselves,
And can with ease be vanquish'd.

JUPITER.

JUPITER.

If the world

This fraud should e'er discover and discern
True Virtue from her foes, happy and just
Would it not then become, and fair Astrea
Be reconcil'd ?

ASTREA.

Yes; but the task is hard.

JUPITER.

Be calm, Astrea, this shall be my care.
To day from Heav'n a great heroic soul
Shall gloriously descend on earth t' inform
The fairest frame. A luminous example
Of ev'ry virtue shall this compound be.
From the most high of the terrestrial thrones
Shall the wide globe irradiate, and its splendor

Shall

Shall the fallacious virtues fo outshine,
As the meridian sun a glim'ring torch.

ASTREA.

What is that happy country, which shall boast
The honour of such birth?

APOLLO.

What glorious name
Shall thus adorn this memorable day?

JUPITER.

The region Germany, the name Eliza.

CLEMENCY.

O favor'd clime!

RIGOR.

O name!

ASTREA.

ASTREA.

O happy day!

APOLLO.

Vanish'd is now thy anger.

ASTREA.

God of day,

What indignation can withstand such hopes?

On my forsaken throne I sit again,

And to my realm I am restor'd. Ah why

So slow thy steps, parent of light, and why

Dost thou suspend that great, that happy hour?

Ah why so tardy, fair Aurora? Why

On the broad Ganges spread'st thou not thy rays?

APOLLO.

APOLLO.

Ev'n now Aurora has proclaim'd the dawn,
Ev'n now she glitters through the aërial fields.

APOLLO AND ASTREA.

All to the rising sun proclaim the glory
Of this most happy moment.

}

APOLLO.

Pure the air,

Refulgent is the sky.

ASTREA.

The hills, the fields

Are cloath'd anew.

P

ASTREA

ASTREA AND APOLLO.

And a soft-murmuring breeze }
 Gives gentle kisses to the tranquil sea. }

JUPITER.

No more. That happy long expected hour
 Draws near. Let all celestial pow'rs agree,
 And second my good will. Let from this moment
 A new and blessed course of days begin.
 Appeas'd Astrea, thou, with all the Gods,
 Return on earth, and bless abandon'd man.

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ALL TOGETHER.

From thy refulgent star descend, Eliza,
 On thy majestic throne; descend and make
 This new-born age illustrious. Your's, O Gods!
 Be it to guard so great a gift eternal,
 And let the world adore, in her its, blifs.

F I N I S.

